

## zero-sum game

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## zero-sum game

by [AliceFromLVJY](#)

### Summary

*"Well, if you're that eager to keep practicing your skills, maybe do it in a way that's actually, y'know, productive." There's something like tease in his voice, now, and Tommy stops rubbing his head to look at him from the side. Out of the corner of his eye Wilbur can see that he's grinning.*

*"You mean like what?"*

*"I'm sure something will come to mind, Tommy."*

*Quackity shakes his head and buries his face in his hands. Wilbur can't help but laugh at him, a high, excited sound.*

Tommy's discovered cards for himself. Wilbur, at first, is less than pleased about his new hobby.

### Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The playing card leaves the boy's hand and cuts through the air like an angry colibri, traversing the room in a shallow wavy movement. Quackity, on the other side, catches it between two fingers and curses.

"Fuck, man, I can't believe you actually practiced! That one was harsh", he says and replaces the card he's holding with his tongue. "You actually fucking cut me."

Tommy laughs and throws another card. This one elegantly curves to the right and loses some of its momentum before Wilbur, who's sat on the table in the center of the room, picks it from the air with practiced ease. He sighs. "Oh, practice he did, Big Q. I've spent the last two weeks as a magnet for his, what, three decks of playing cards? They're everywhere. They haunt my dreams, Big Q, and it's all your fault."

The next card somehow manages to hit Wilbur's head from behind. Tommy seems to think it's the most hilarious thing in the world. He comes over and hops onto the table next to Wilbur, still wheezing.

"See, Wil, this is where I'd tell you I'm real sorry for all that. Except I'm not. So, kind of a you problem, bitch."

Wilbur tries his best to look like he's genuinely angry and retaliates by hitting Tommy on the back of his own head. He leans back, props himself up on his elbows, and looks over to Quackity.

"Well, if you're that eager to keep practicing your skills, maybe do it in a way that's actually, y'know, productive." There's something like tease in his voice, now, and Tommy stops rubbing his head to look at him from the side. Out of the corner of his eye Wilbur can see that he's grinning.

"You mean like what?"

"I'm sure something will come to mind, Tommy."

Quackity shakes his head and buries his face in his hands. Wilbur can't help but laugh at him, a high, excited sound.

"No— Wilbur Soot, you are a fucking imposition to deal with. You two need to get out of my house right the fuck now and go deal with your ... games, or whatever, somewhere else."

...

They do—

after a few days of waiting, that is, both to Wilbur's joy and disfavour. He's found playing cards sticking out from half the drawers in his desk by now, and in their laundry basket, and he's just a bit more than usually on the verge of losing his mind. It's what comes naturally with sharing a place and a life with TommyInnit.

He'll take that, though; because what he gets for it is infinitely better. With Tommy comes their shows, their audience, dancing lights and too-hot air and heady nights in spring, hurried flights to another continent, people that are after them and so many more that love them, all across the world. With him comes their magic. Wilbur knows it's all tricks, all deception and diversion of attention, but when everything becomes delightfully too much, it all starts feeling real to him.

Maybe they are magic. It's them who decide, anyway.

Tonight, after they've jumped offstage and rushed off into the night, Tommy decides he's waited long enough. The door of their hotel room clicks shut. He grabs Wilbur's wrist and yanks him back.

"Kiss me", he demands.

Wilbur complies in less than a second— draws a circle into the air with his hand so Tommy has to let him go and he can pin his wrist to the door behind them instead, places his other hand on Tommy's hip and digs his thumb into the crease above his hipbone. Tommy opens his mouth eagerly, and Wilbur can taste the shot of liquor on his lips that they've both had before the show, hot and nutty. It's what burns sharp in his chest now, mixes with the adrenaline, the thrill of performing.

Tommy wriggles a leg between Wilbur's, presses upwards. He's rewarded with a high exhale. Tommy tips his head back against the door; one corner of his mouth lifts into a lopsided smile.

"One of those chairs." He waves a hand towards the wall to Wilbur's right. "Take one of 'em and sit down. But get it away from the wall first. Gonna need space", he orders and then proceeds to shove Wilbur off of him.

Wilbur stumbles back, catches himself, chuckles. "Cocky today, are we, Toms?"

Back comes a grin full of teeth. "Just do it, prick. I'm gonna stab you, watch out."

Wilbur doesn't move. If Tommy wants a fight, he's gonna give him one.

— before another one of those goddamned playing cards slashes the room in two and misses his neck by mere millimeters. It hits the window with a loud thud, clatters to the floor, an empty sound in a full, full room. Tommy shuffles the rest of the deck with both hands.

"Oh. Oh, no, Tommy, your fancy card games don't work on me. I'm not like those loud girls in the crowd that you're constantly trying to impress. Step it up a little, will you?"

It's a blatant lie. Tommy's spent the entire show fumbling with his cards, signing some and throwing them into the audience, and Wilbur, who's been subjected to this for weeks, noticed that he's gotten better still, and very much like everyone else watching them, he couldn't quite take his eyes off Tommy's hands. Which, he knows as a proficient magician, is the entire point of the show.

And yet.

He doesn't think he's doing a particularly great job at not letting the boy in front of him know how much he wants to be part of that deck right now.

"Nah", Tommy says. "Works just fine." And he twists his wrists in a way that has Wilbur wetting his lips.

He walks over, spins one of the chairs around by its backrest, drops down onto it with a sigh. "God, you're such a fucking brat."

Tommy, terribly content with himself, takes his time removing the red vest he's worn for the evening and yanks the top two buttons of the white shirt underneath open. He looks delectable. Wilbur cannot wait to sink a hand into sandy curls, watch his crushed-ice eyes roll back with pleasure.

Tommy, on the other hand, seems to have picked up mind reading somewhere along the way. "I see you're giving me that look again, prick", he says and stalks over, swings a leg over the chair to straddle Wilbur's lap. His voice drops, just a little, and Wilbur feels like dying already. "I'm not the one who's gonna get ruined today, Wil. That's the thing. That's where you're wrong."

He leans down to press his lips to Wilbur's Adam's apple while his other hand sneaks around his neck to press something thin to his hairline, and Wilbur can't suppress a full-body shudder. It's another card, he realises. The papery edge burns a trail of sensation down his neck. Tommy's unraveling him in the gentlest way possible, and it's the cruelest thing anyone has done to him in a long time, and he needs more. All of it.

"H— I wonder who taught you that, huh", he grits out. When Tommy smiles this time, it's genuine.

"Y'know, I've learnt from the best. Credit where credit is due and all."

Wilbur laughs hoarsely. Thinks back to all the times he's had Tommy under him before, opening him up until the concept of time must've started to bleed away before the other's eyes, fucking him slow and deep and with an entire world's patience. Remembers the smug smile he threw the boy when he was whining for Wilbur to go harder on him.

From time to time, he wants payback. Wilbur lets him.

Tommy kisses a trail up to his jawline, finally capturing his lips again; he lets the card drop and presses his fingers into Wilbur's spine instead.

"Stop teasing then, you little bastard, hm?", he whispers into Tommy's mouth. Starts unbuttoning his shirt himself until Tommy swats his hands away, nimble fingers finishing the work until both sides of it fall away. Wilbur shivers. Even though the air in the room is cold, he feels like his skin might catch on fire any second.

The kisses Tommy presses to his chest, his sternum, have teeth. He closes his eyes, tries to steady his breathing, then hears how his belt is being unbuckled, and Tommy's hand around his half-hard dick is warm— still, Wilbur hisses. It takes his erection an embarrassingly few strokes to fully spring to life.

Tommy drags a thumb over his slit, smears the drop of precome around his head. He produces a small bottle of lube from god-knows-where, snaps the cap open with one hand and lets some of it drip directly onto Wilbur's dick. It's fucking cold. Through half-lidded eyes, Tommy's grin has turned into that of a little devil again.

He starts moving his hand before Wilbur can say anything, and the slide is slick and tight and *good*, and he braces his hands on the edges of the chair and opens his legs wider and nudges his hips into every downward stroke of Tommy's hand. He can feel the boy's stare on him more than he sees it; knows that his eyes are sparkling with admiration and mirth alike.

Tommy clears his voice. "You can be loud, you know. If you want", he murmurs. Blinks slowly.

"You like hearing my voice, Toms? Ah, I know you do, I know ..." Wilbur laughs, interrupts himself with a gasp when Tommy grips his dick tighter for a second— then moans, just for good measure, low and long and breathy. "I'm, hah, I'm feeling generous today. Got real lucky there, didn't you."

Tommy leans in closer. "Less talking, more letting me do my thing, yeah? I fucking know you like

to think you're in charge, like, everywhere, but you're not." He twists his wrist in a way that screams sin in thirteen different shades and Wilbur all but *whines*. "Wil, come on. I can take care of you."

There's a question there, something close and fleeting, but Wilbur is too caught up in his own need already. "Prick", he hisses. "Fuck— yeah, please. Please.", and Tommy strokes him through it like he's never done anything else in his life.

When Wilbur comes, his body is sticky with sweat and trembling in a way that won't seem to stop; head tipped back, mouth open, Tommy's lips against his throat. He sees stars behind his eyes, galaxies in teal and red. It's weirdly intense— as if they didn't fuck at least once a week anyway.

Once he's back down to Earth enough to crack his eyes open against the suddenly-glaring headlights, Tommy is licking his come from his fingers like it's cake icing.

"God, you're disgusting."

He reaches out with one hand, brushes a stray lock of blond hair to the side. "Also— tell Big Q he's done a sublime job teaching you. Those cards, man. Way more wicked than they look."

Tommy's gaze snaps back to him. "I win?"

Wilbur chuckles, lets his head fall to the side. He's definitely ready for a sweet post-orgasmic nap. "Yes, you win, Tommy."

Some fights are best left lost and undisputed. Wilbur doesn't mind, this time.

— until there's the wet heat of a tongue on the tip of his spent dick, kitten-licking it clean, and Wilbur nearly jolts out of his chair with oversensitivity.

"Fuck! What the actual fuck, Tommy?"

Tommy, unbothered, is now on his knees before him, head between Wilbur's legs. He takes him in deeper. His eyes are glinting the way they do after he's made a really funny joke and waits for his audience to start laughing.

Wilbur shudders again, catches himself, presses a finger to Tommy's forehead. "Stop, please. Stop. Too much."

Tommy disengages immediately. When he speaks, his voice is laced with genuine worry. "Colour?"

Wilbur exhales, inhales; exhales again, slower still.

"Green", he says.

The little devil's smirk creeps back onto Tommy's face. "Knew you liked it, bitch."

"Well. Maybe consider having some fucking mercy on me."

Tommy slowly shakes his head, then puts both hands on either side of Wilbur's hips, never breaking eye contact. Wilbur nods.

And god, that boy's tongue is as mean as it gets when he swallows him down again. He feels nails digging into his hipbones, feels his breath entering and leaving his mouth, hears the noises he's making— high-pitched and raw— without mentally connecting them to his voice. Some part of his

chest is burning, and if Tommy isn't careful, the flames will overtake his shirt and his skin and the entire hotel room and they'll still be in there, fire clinging to fire, and—

he's too close again too quickly, and it's getting unbearable.

"Tommy, Tommy, please— fuck— oh, fuck—"

— and that's where Tommy stills, pulls back. He rubs circles into Wilbur's thighs as Wilbur keens, thrashes, tries to push forward for anything, *anything*.

"Fucking bastard", he spits.

Tommy answers with a shit-eating grin. "You can fuck me now, if you want", he adds.

Wilbur sighs, shuddering. The room is blurring away with how bad he wants to hurt Tommy back.

"You are a fucking menace, TommyInnit", he says, and then it's on— he presses a fist to the tent in Tommy's pants, and the boy squeaks before stumbling backwards and damn near throwing himself onto the bed in the middle of the room. They've got the remainder of their clothes off in no time.

Wilbur finds the bottle of lube discarded under the chair, picks it up, presses a generous amount into the palm of his hand. Tommy sinks down onto his back, props his legs up apart from each other. He starts idly toying with his half-hard dick, gaze sticking to Wilbur with determination. Back comes the dark stare of a feline predator, something dangerous and promising.

Wilbur moves accordingly— his free hand flat to Tommy's stomach has him shivering, slick fingers prodding at his entrance make his entire body jolt. He exhales shakily.

"Y'don't have to spend long on prep— hah, prepping me, Wil. You've gotta be desperate by now", he whispers.

Wilbur presses his nose into the crook of his neck, laughs into it. "Your card tricks might work on me, but sunshine—", he nips at Tommy's collarbone, runs his tongue over the spot right after, "you are awfully fucking mistaken if you think you can start playing mind games with me."

Tommy turns his head to the side. Wilbur tangles a hand in his hair, then presses their lips together while mercifully letting two fingers slip into him. He swallows the resulting gasp. Lets his mouth rest warm and open against the spot beneath Tommy's ear.

"You're gonna take what I'll give you, and you'll let me take what I fucking want. Surely you can do that, Tommy, hm? Gonna be a good boy for me?"

His voice is as low as it gets. Tommy's crushed-ice gaze flickers to the ceiling in what seems like a second-long prayer.

"I fucking hate you so much. You're such a bitch, Wilbur. You— why d'you gotta keep doing this to me, man? I—"

Wilbur cuts him off by curling his fingers in a way he knows will just so hit something sweet inside the boy.

"Shush. You've had your fun. My turn now", he says simply and wastes no time in adding a third finger. Presses into Tommy's prostate with intent. When Tommy answers with a keening moan, Wilbur smiles a cruel little smile of his own. He can feel his hole tense around his fingers in desperate search for more friction, anything to get himself off quicker.

"Please", Tommy says, voice crumbling at the edges. Wilbur wraps his other hand around his dick, the slide a little dry and awkward but surely like *heaven* going by the way Tommy shudders; when he starts thrusting his fingers in out and of him at an upwards angle, he shakes with it violently, body vibrating like the fading tone of a guitar string. "— please, please, Wil, fuck— please ..."

He's a sweet thing like this. Wilbur wants to make him scream.

For now, he just watches him, unblinking. "I could make you come right now and have you take me afterwards anyway, y'know, all strung out and sensitive. You know how you get. Bet you'd cry", he says smugly.

Tommy shakes his head. "I wouldn't, prick", he manages. "Not me— hn— fuck!"

Wilbur laughs. "Aw, someone's feeling too good?"

Tommy sticks his tongue out at him. It's half a miracle that he hasn't bitten it off at some point in his life yet.

Wilbur lets go of his dick, pulls his hand back. "Condom. Drawer", he says and points to the side of the bed.

Tommy whimpers, clenching around cool air.

"Now."

For all the big talk the boy's given him tonight, he really likes being ordered around by him.

Wilbur rolls the condom on that Tommy's fumbled out of the nightstand near-deliriously, slicks himself up some more. When he pushes into Tommy, tantalisingly slow, skin burns at the point of contact. They moan in tandem. Reality is singing in Wilbur's ears.

There is so much hunger in Tommy's eyes before Wilbur carefully starts thrusting and they slide shut. He is a pretty, pretty mess of shuddering breaths and small noises, still tastes faintly of alcohol and then something warm and familiar when Wilbur presses another kiss to his lips. He throws Tommy's leg over his shoulder, closes his hands around his hips and pulls him forward; Tommy mirrors him by pushing up into his movement, frantic and firm. His dick twitches, dribbles precome.

"m close", he murmurs. "Please, Wil."

Wilbur adjusts his angle, reaching an impossible bit deeper. "Go on, then. Touch yourself for me, sweetheart, come on."

Tommy reaches for his dick with the urgency of a starved animal and *keens* once he closes a hand around it. He strokes himself sloppily, falling out of their rhythm, lips moving around a silent mess of words that Wilbur can barely hear the ends of.

He brushes a thumb over the spot just above Tommy's hipbone, and that's what sends him over the edge. He moans long and sharp, arches his back so hard beneath Wilbur that he thinks it might snap and shudders through it wave after wave after wave.

The next few thrusts send him careening into overstimulation. Tommy bites his lip, though, and shakes his head frantically at the hesitance in Wilbur's gaze. "No, no, don't stop, please. Don't fucking stop", he grits out. The corners of his eyes are glimmering wet.

Wilbur leans in close again, licks a stripe from Tommy's collarbone up to his throat. Moves his hands up to the boy's ribcage, feels a shiver run over his skin. He's beautiful like this, Wilbur thinks, all fucked out and hot and still so eager to please. "Good boy", he whispers, voice strained, "good boy, Tommy, you've been amazing, so good for me—"

Tommy moans again at the praise, high and broken, and Wilbur's hips stutter with it. His second orgasm takes him like a forest fire; it burns and burns and leaves him gasping for air. Tommy's slung both arms around his neck, presses his fingertips to his scalp, traces his jawline with butterfly-winged kisses while weakly rocking up against him until Wilbur's body relaxes.

Silence, after that, except for their heavy breathing.

The air between them is hot, and they're both sticky with sweat and satisfaction. Wilbur pulls out slowly, shushing Tommy when he winces, and rolls off to his side. The cool sheets are like water against his back.

"Thank you, Toms", he murmurs. The smile Tommy gives him, full of terrible affection, makes his heart ache. "You wanna sleep?"

"Mhm."

He wraps an arm around Tommy, and Tommy curls in on himself towards him, closing his eyes. Wilbur reaches forward to pull the thin covers at the foot of the bed over both of them. Buries his fingers in sand-coloured curls.

Outside the window, the city is a sea of lights.

:::

The next time Tommy hauls him over to Quackity's, he's become an actual menace with his playing cards in reach. Wilbur's found he doesn't mind them all that much anymore. Anywhere except wedged into the back of his PC drive, that is.

"Wilbur! Wilbur— Wil!"

He shifts out of the way of another card flying his way easily.

"You saw that one?"

They're having some sort of friendly competition over who can land more cards in a slim bowl on the other side of the room.

"Of course I did. It was gorgeous. Amazing. Never been seen before. You are a true master of your craft, Tommy", he says without looking up, voice dripping sarcasm. He doesn't hide his smile either.

"Prick", Tommy spits back.



Wilbur hops off the table to pick up the card that's landed underneath. He blows off the dust. When he turns it around, he's holding the ace of hearts in his hand.

## End Notes

thank you so much for reading! kudos and comments will fill the existential emptiness inside my heart!

so. i basically rewatched both parts of now you see me and it slapped me with intense horny brainrot and i wrote this. i'm kind of happy with how it turned out. hope you have a nice day or night, wherever you are!

(and psst check out [this song](#), it fits this au awfully well)

edit: [i wrote another fic taking place in this universe!](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!